

# Their Business

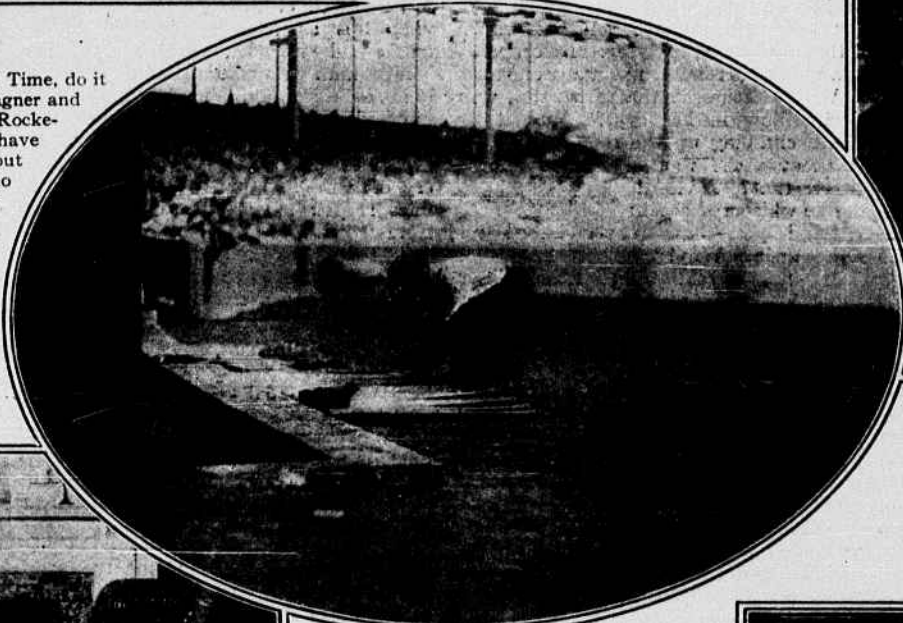


ONE of the best little jobs of picking up is holding the train of George Rex Imperator, Defender of the Faith, etc. It looks easy enough—just pulling on the reins a bit when his Majesty canters too fast, and giving him one quick tug on the right when you want him to *gee* and one on the left when he ought to *haw*. But not any old kid can get the job. Not by a long shot. For one thing, you've got to be a direct descendant of William the Conqueror. There aren't many of those in England, so it's easy to pick the right boy.

Photograph from Brown Brothers

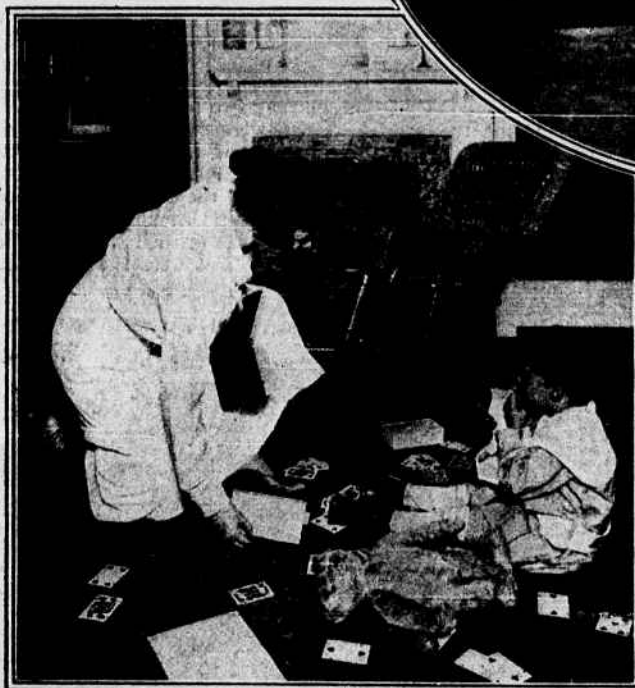
**BACKWARD**, turn backward, O Time, do it quick: Let me travel with Wagner and pick up his stick. If John D. Rockefeller or Andrew Carnegie could have just one wish, this kid would be out of a job to-morrow. Probably no other human being is envied by so many different millionaires in the course of a season. To be back there at fourteen again, with no school, and nothing to do but pick up Speaker's bat when he shoots for first—to travel with the greatest men in the world and be paid for it. Gee! Also gosh!

Photograph by Brown Brothers



**F**OR some reason or other, the business of this land in the past two years. The place is run by Krupp's girl, Bertha, don't you? Used to live on father Alfred took charge of the place about seven roll of \$1.08 a week. To-day Bertha owns scores her place covers 2000 acres, 200 of them under Wilhelm, and that he don't dare to sass her back

Photograph by Underw



**B**EHOOLD in this picture an initiation into the "Where's My Club? The Club has three degrees, corresponding to the three ages of man. The first is, "Mother, where's my mittens?" the second is, "Wife, where's my pipe?" and the last is, "Daughter, where's my muffler?" It takes three women to get one man safely through life. Personally, we don't see where women are going to find time for this voting business. Somebody's got to pick up the kid's toys off the floor before we get home from work, so we'll have some place to drop our newspapers and cigar ashes.

Photograph by Brown Brothers

**I**N eastern Kansas there are only two classes of potato-pickers who can stay in the fields all day—the farmer's own family, who've got to stay; and the hoboes, who drift in when wages are high. Their skins, not being softened by the foolish luxury of baths, stand the heat all right. In early summer their business is picking up potatoes in Kansas; in later summer they go north to pick the later potatoes; then east to pick apples in the fall; and in winter to Chicago or New York. It was one of these who hurt his hand picking up his favorite brand of cigar last winter. Yes; just as he went to reach for it, the original owner of it stepped on his thumb.

Photograph by Brown Brothers



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THE caddie's business is picking up golf clubs, lost balls, occasional quarters, and words of the shorter and uglier variety Eddie Lowry, here shown, is caddie to his eminence Francis Ouimet; and not caddie only, but also adviser, mascot, and friend. Eddie has followed Francis over the links of America, France, and England. He knows just what club to use next, and where to look for the ball. How good his vocabulary may be we can't say; but we have no doubt that it also is very good. Eddie.